

## SHEEP RAISING IS AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRY

**SHEEP VALUE IN SANTA ROSA COUNTY AMOUNTS TO \$150,000, WITH \$50,000 PROFIT ANNUALLY, ACCORDING TO WELL-KNOWN SHEEP MEN, WHO ARE INTERESTED.**

Approximately, there are 50,000 head of sheep in Santa Rosa county, with an average valuation of three dollars a head.

The wool from these sheep during the past few years has averaged \$1 a head, making a yearly revenue of \$50,000 from \$150,000 which represent the approximate sheep value of the county.

Santa Rosa is particularly adapted to sheep-raising, because of her soft climate, natural grasses, and many streams, which make it possible for the sheep to be raised entirely on the range, with no expense attached to the entire undertaking excepting that connected with rounding the animals up once a year for shearing.

The sandy soil keeps the wool from becoming dirty, a clean, fine long-fibre product, some of which is known as "lake-wool," the best, unwashed fleece that can be bought, being the result.

There is no sheep disease in Santa Rosa, and sheep-raising can be carried on with more profit and less worry than the northern and western farmer may probably be able at first to realize.

**Santa Rosa County—  
West Florida's Garden Spot**

(Continued from Preceding Page.)

corn to the acre is located here. The soil is the same chocolate loam over red clay subsoil that exists for miles in every direction. A mile or two away lives J. M. Holland, farmer and timber man, who has accumulated a fortune by industry and honesty. Near him lives W. D. Holland, another farmer, whose faith and works go hand in hand and who is demonstrating by actual product just what a Florida farm is good for.

Holland's chapel, is the name of a church edifice which has just been erected and which testifies, as the Gospel songs ring out from it on Sabbath days, to the faith and hope and good citizenship of these hardy people. There are many enterprises and institutions without which a community can very well get along, but no man cares to settle where the Christian Gospel is not preached or the Sabbath church bell fails to ring. The church, good morals, and good citizenship go hand in hand and we find them all represented here.

Of this community, J. M. or "Joe"

Holland, as his friends familiarly call him, is easily the most conspicuous citizen. Modest and unpretentious, but of keen intellect and shrewd business judgment and tact, he has quietly made a fortune and at the same time built an impregnable stronghold in the affections of his neighbors. One day last year he drove to Milton where a friend said to him, "Joe, you are a candidate for county treasurer."

"Well," said Joe, "I didn't know it before, but I guess I am." And Joe Holland then went back home while his friends elected him custodian of the public monies of the county.

Mr. Holland is vice-president and general manager of the Redland Improvement Company at Coldwater, and is locating new settlers on the timber lands as fast as the logs are cut and hauled.

Silas Holland is postmaster at Coldwater and a good farmer as well as a good postmaster. From Coldwater to Jay, the drive is over a rolling country, with soil of various degrees of fertility, but all much of the same character as that described in the foregoing.

About two miles north of the newly incorporated town of Jay, is the six hundred-acre farm which J. H. Smithwick is developing and which constitutes an example of soil possibilities that would astonish even many Florida people. There are practically one thousand acres in the tract, six hundred of which have been cleared and are now in crop. Cotton, corn, cane, oats, hay, hogs, cattle—everything that a well-ordered farm should have is produced from the broad acres of this fertile tract. Much of this land grew a bale of cotton to the acre last year

and the corn crop averaged forty bushels per acre, with a hay crop following the corn the same season.

I saw an oat field, green and luxuriant, that looked to me like it was good for sixty bushels of oats to the acre, but which they will cut green for hay. Last year this oat hay made two tons of hay to the acre, worth \$22.00 per ton on the ground, and that was followed by a pea vine and Mexican clover crop that produced two tons of hay to the acre, worth \$20.00 per ton on the ground.

With such land as this, in a climate where two and three different crops are possible on every acre each year, is there any reason why a farmer should waste his time and substance growing only one crop a year further north?

Mr. Smithwick's farm is managed by A. S. Stephens, a practical farmer, who has an interest in the property, and came to Florida from Alabama, and whose faith in the Florida climate and Florida soil is supreme.

On the way back to Milton, we spent a couple of hours and took supper at the home of John C. McRae, in the Coldwater settlement. A fine large residence on the crest of an elevation overlooking much of the surrounding country indicates Mr. McRae's discriminating judgment in the selection of a home site. A gasoline engine and an elevated water tank supplies the place with running water for both house and stock. A telephone affords communication with the entire county and the outside world. Rural mail delivery brings Mr. McRae his daily papers. The Pensacola Journal reaching him about 1 p. m. of the same day of publication, while his automobile takes him to Milton easily in an hour. His sister, Mrs. Griffin presided at the table with that womanly grace and charming hospitality which is a part of the life of these attractive southern homes. Appetites whetted by a day in the country did full justice to a meal of Santa Rosa grown

sweet potatoes, Santa Rosa chicken, sausage from Santa Rosa hogs, preserves made from Santa Rosa fruit, fresh butter and rich buttermilk from a Santa Rosa home dairy, biscuits that with Florida cane syrup fairly melted in your mouth. Is it any wonder that the man who gets located right in this land of plenty would not trade places with anyone in any other section of the world?

Mr. McRae is a turpentine man and farmer, and his several farms are models of operation and productivity. He is one of the big developers of the county.

After supper as we drove back to Milton under the resplendent stars of a Florida night, with coats buttoned up to protect us from the cool night air, Mr. Smithwick told me something of his plans for clearing and settling the several thousand acres of rich farm land which he owns in that section. On his 600-acre farm near Jay, he is demonstrating what can be done with Florida soil. On his other lands in the Coldwater district he proposes to locate farmers who will develop the latent resources of this combination of soil and climate, and he sees in the near future a thickly settled and intensely productive community of prosperous farmers. He is one of the men who are building for the future and building in the only way that is sure to produce material and lasting results.

I am doubtless enthusiastic about Florida, the possibilities of Florida soil, and the delights and health of Florida climate, but my enthusiasm is founded on what, from experience and observation, I know about these things. I would not advise a man to buy Florida land or to prepare to locate here without seeing for himself just what the facts and the conditions are. No one should buy land without seeing it any more than he should buy a suit of clothes without examining and trying it on. But I have so much confidence in Florida, her resources and possibilities, that I want people to come and see for themselves and, having seen, I have no doubt as to what they will think and do.

**W. C. SALTER HAS A VERY GOOD BUSINESS**

Among Milton's well known business men is W. C. Salter, a self-made man, and deserving of the high esteem in which he is so generally held. He deals in groceries, feedstuffs, poultry and dairy supplies, and has worked carefully and energetically to build up a business in which he rightfully takes considerable pride. Milton people, and those who live in the immediate vicinity, too, are giving him a fine patronage, which reflects itself in the prosperous and up-to-date appearance of his place of business.

Drawing the Line.

"And before we were married you said you would be willing to die for me."

"I know it."

"And yet you refuse to beat the rugs."

"Sure. Dying's my limit."—Houston Post.

## Bagdad, a Thriving Little Milling Village of 1,500 Souls

**THE SECOND LARGEST "TOWN" IN SANTA ROSA COUNTY, PROSPEROUS, LIVE, AND PROMISING, ALTHOUGH ITS CITIZENS HAVE NEVER YET INCORPORATED.**

Bagdad is Santa Rosa county's largest milling village, and although she has 1,500 inhabitants, her citizens have never incorporated.

Located one mile from Milton, and upon a beautiful stretch of the Black Water bay shore-line, the beauty and picturesqueness of the place is never quite forgotten by the chance visitor.

The two important industries of Bagdad are the Bagdad Land and Lumber Co., (formerly the Stearns-Culver people) and a splendid floating dock and ship yard owned and operated by George Bruce.

The finest pecans in the world are grown at Bagdad, 4,000 bushels having been sold in Santa Rosa county during the year of 1910, according to statistics compiled on the subject.

The people are a fine, hospitable lot, and they know how to make the stranger more than welcome in their thriving community.

The bay shore home of P. Tomasello, located on Black Water bay, and adjoining lands which have been made gorgeous public parks by nature, is the real "show-place" of Bagdad, and

one of the prettiest spots in Santa Rosa county.

The offices of the Bagdad Land and Lumber Company present, perhaps, the liveliest commercial center, while comfortably homes of those who are attracted by beautiful natural surroundings are everywhere.

With its graded schools, churches, commercial interests, fine locality and fine people, it is remarkable that Bagdad, in fact, has not incorporated long ago.

To Have Fine Hotel.

The contract has already been let and some materials purchased for the erection of a fine hotel to be built by the Bagdad Land and Lumber Company near the present office buildings of that company.

There are to be 36 rooms, each with bath, and the hotel is to be furnished with every other modern convenience. This will be a step in the right direction for Bagdad, because a hotel up that way is in the nature of an absolute necessity just now.

More people are becoming interested all of the time in the territory surrounding, and it has long been a question just how to handle the increasing tourist trade.

Fine Tourist Center.

Bagdad presents an ideal situation for the winter tourist who would rest, live near to nature, and enjoy one of the finest climates in the world.

For picturesque beauty, the place has few equals, the Spanish moss hanging in long, grey, sweeping

strands from the Live-oaks and magnolias, and the shore-line of brooding, beautiful, restless Black Water bay being an inspiration always.

Life at Bagdad is filled with quiet content the whole year round—whether it be in the soft, mild winter time, the perfect spring and autumn times, or in summer, when the lazy drone of nature's wild things lulls the weary world-wanderer to peaceful sleep mid dreamless nights.

## F. E. DEY HAS "MADE GOOD"

**HAS BUILT UP FINE JEWELRY BUSINESS DURING PAST TEN YEARS, AND HAS HOSTS OF FRIENDS IN SANTA ROSA.**

F. E. Dey, of Milton, has been a resident of that city for the past ten years, during which time he has built up a splendid jewelry and watch making business.

From a small jewelry business extending at first only a few miles in either direction from Milton, Mr. Dey has seen his establishment grow and thrive until today, he is constantly receiving orders from all sections of West Florida and much of South Alabama. He is a business man of whom any community might well feel proud, and his plant is one of the foremost in this section.

Mr. Dey is a genuine "prince of good fellows" and numbers his friends by his acquaintances. He knows how to sell good jewelry, repair a watch, catch fresh-water trout and tell an interesting story around the camp fire. He takes an occasional outing along some of Santa Rosa's gurgling streams, or pitches his tent beside some of her numerous lakes, bays or bayous. Then business cares are laid aside for a season and he gathers in the finny tribe until all are satisfied. It is on these occasional outings that he inhales the odors which keep him young and which his friends hope will enable him to live to be at least 100 years old.

Of all her adopted sons Milton has none in whom she can justly feel a greater pride than in Frank E. Dey.

'Tis False.

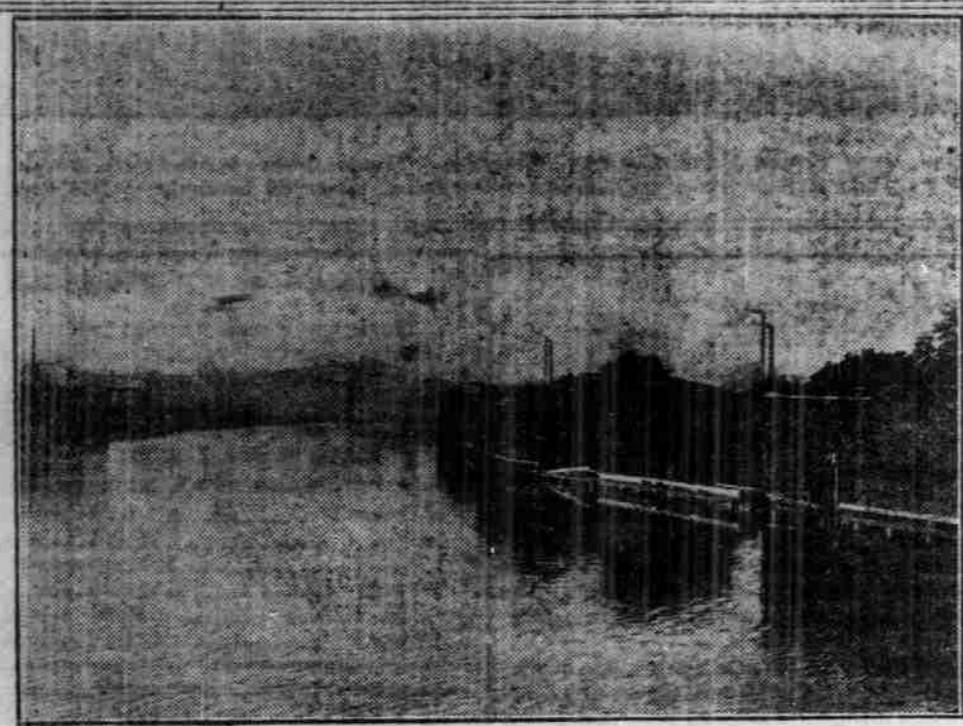
Gibbs—It is very evident that your wife has a mind of her own.

Dibbs—You think so? Well, so did I, but she keeps telling me that her mind is made up.—Boston Transcript.

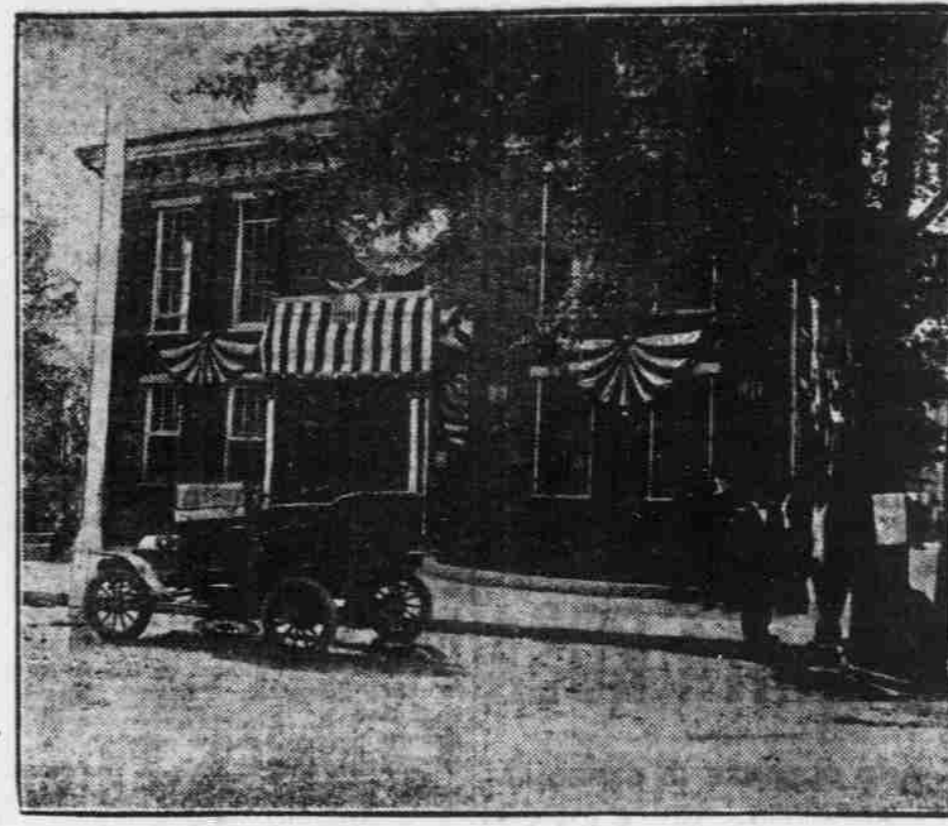
The Sign.

Silicous—I consider Gotrox a man of the period.

Cynicus—I should call him rather a man of the dollar mark.—Philadelphia Record.



Lumber Scene on Blackwater River.



Court House at Milton, Santa Rosa County, Florida.

# Milton Drug Company

J. H. Stewart, Proprietor.

## Drugs, Chemicals and Stationery

Cigars, Perfumery,  
Post Card Views,  
Office Supplies



Sole Agents for  
Norris, Atlanta, and  
Kern's Chocolates

**Rexall**

The Store You Will Eventually Trade With—Why Not Now? Headquarters for

Remedies

## MILTON, FLORIDA.